

New Evidence Said to Help Mrs. Stillman

Women Discover Proof in Canada, Reported to Establish Claim That Guy Is Offspring of Banker

Nature of Facts Secret Disclosure Declared, However, to Have Led Anne to Say, 'Father Lied to Me'

Club women who have interested themselves in the Stillman divorce case in behalf of Mrs. Anne Urquhart Potter Stillman, or detectives who, represented themselves as club women, are reported to have ferreted out important and sensational new evidence.

Attorney John E. Mack, guardian of baby Guy Stillman, who James A. Stillman charges in his divorce suit is the son of Fred Beauvais, Indian guide, admitted last night that the new evidence had been obtained. He refused to discuss it, however.

The evidence is reported to be voluminous. An authority in the case said: "There is much of it, and it has had a far-reaching effect, for it has brought Mrs. Anne Urquhart Potter Stillman and her nineteen-year-old daughter, Anne Stillman, closer together probably than they have ever been."

Miss Stillman, who had been much with her father, visited her brothers at a point near Canada this summer, and was there when the new evidence was uncovered. It is said to have caused her to acknowledge baby Guy Stillman as her own brother and to have said:

"Father lied to me. The real facts in the case were kept from my knowledge, and I have asked my mother to forgive me and I will always remain true to her in the future. No matter what happens, I will never believe anything any one tells me about my mother, again, although my father told me he had positive proof of the charges he brought against her."

Following the discovery of the evidence in Canada Miss Stillman came to New York with her brothers, and all the children had been housed with the mother at her Fifth Avenue apartment. A friend of the family said last night:

"Miss Stillman had an apartment in the same building with her mother, but lately she was in her mother's apartment for several days. I never believed that they were very much estranged, although Miss Stillman was with her father a great deal. I believed that she would finally favor her mother in this suit. Miss Stillman sailed for Paris Saturday on the Olympic."

Some of the new evidence gathered in Canada is documentary. Among these documents is said to be an affidavit that personally concerns Fred Beauvais, the Indian guide, named as co-respondent and father of baby Guy by Mr. Stillman.

This affidavit was given into the possession of Beauvais's personal counsel in Montreal and furnished by these attorneys to Attorney John F. Brennan, directing the counsel for Mrs. Stillman.

The affidavit is said to have been furnished by a witness, who already had testified in the case. He is believed to have been one of the first Canadians brought to New York by Mr. Stillman and who testified in one of the early and secret hearings in the rooms of the New York Bar Association. Whether he had repudiated former testimony was a question that persons interested in the suit refused to answer last night. All, however, admitted sensational developments when hearings are resumed at Poughkeepsie October 11. At that time Mrs. Stillman will continue her side of the controversy.

Like Poe's Raven, This Bird Wouldn't Come Off Its Perch

Intrepid Patrolman, Who Fought With Eagles When a Lad, Clubs This One to Death on Roof at Coney, but It Was Only a Ku-Kluxed Heron

Joe Willey, a patrolman of the Coney Island Police Station, has a heart as stout as it is stout. Moreover, when he was a lad he was seized by an eagle and carried to the crest of a high mountain to be devoured, or at least he would have been if he hadn't managed to get away from the eagle before it caught him.

All in all, it was a lucky thing for the children of Mermaid Avenue that Willey was on post there yesterday afternoon or some of them might have shared the fate that Joe almost met when he was a lad.

It was, no sooner did some one tell Willey that there was a bird on the roof of the apartment house at 2324 Mermaid Avenue which kept flapping its wings fiercely and looking hungry, that the ornithologist patrolman realized at once that an eagle was lying in wait for its prey.

Knowing the habits of eagles as he did, Willey asked for the loan of a soapbox before venturing upon the roof. He saw the bird almost at once. It was in a corner of the roof near a chimney. The reports concerning it had not been exaggerated. It was flapping its wings fiercely and looked hungry.

Had Stilllike Legs Willey knew it at once for an eagle and ordered everybody to stand back. It had the stilllike legs and the long, rapierlike beak which were the hallmarks of the eagle when he was a lad. It fixed Willey with its eagle eyes and stared malevolently in a way that was unmistakably ill-bred.

"Stand back!" cried Willey, advancing courageously, carrying the soapbox like a shield. "It's me that he's layin' for, but he's that excited that he might leap off with any one of ye in his talons."

Everybody stood back. The eagle stretched its neck to a prodigious length and darted its eight-inch bill this way and that with amazing swiftness, all the time flapping its wings fiercely. When Willey stole up behind it with the soap box it tied a double knot in its neck and still reared a menacing two or three inches of it with the stiletto-like bill squarely confronting the patrolman.

Quite undaunted, Willey clapped the soapbox over the eagle, extinguishing it completely. Mounting the soapbox, he delivered a short lecture on the ferocity of eagles, his own adventure with one when he was a lad and the prevailing method of capturing them—one which he had learned in boyhood.

The next thing to be done, he said, was to reach under the box and drag the eagle out by the feet. It was risky for any but an old hand to attempt it, he said.

He reached under the box. It was apparent to the awe-struck observers that he had succeeded in grasping the long thick shanks of the eagle, but for some reason or other, the eagle stayed

under the box. The eagle expert pulled and pulled until it seemed that the eagle's legs grew in length in his grasp, but still the eagle remained stationary.

Willey gave it up at last and wiped his perspiring brow. It was an obstinate bird, he admitted, and he was stronger than most. Never before, he intimated, had he encountered an eagle he could not pull from beneath a soap box.

However, there was another method of dealing with eagles which sometimes was practiced as a last resort. This desperate method involved lifting up the opposite end of the soapbox until the eagle stuck out its head and a few inches of neck, whereupon the eagle catcher pounced upon it with his right hand. It was completely successful. Willey cautiously removed the soapbox and stirred the remains of the eagle with his foot, his nightstick raised to repulse any treacherous attack.

Eagle Stuck to Roof There was none. It was the deadliest eagle ever seen on Mermaid Avenue. Willey seized it to hold it aloft in triumph. He pulled and pulled, but the eagle never budged. The tar on the roof, thicker in the corner than elsewhere, had been softened by the sun or heat from the chimney when the eagle alighted and then had hardened. The eagle was caught beyond even the strength of Willey to release it. It was a prisoner for several days, evidently. Willey telephoned to the police station for advice.

"You've shot a negro on the roof, but you can't get him down?" repeated Acting Lieutenant O'Connor, in a paralyzing amazement. "Why didn't you shoot him on the street?"

Willey explained painstakingly that it was an eagle, not a negro, that he had killed; a vicious eagle which was a menace to the community and especially to children; that once when he had heard about this and the only advice he could give him was that Willey shot the eagle he'd better get it off the roof.

Willey was scratching his head over the problem when somebody suggested that if he cut off the eagle's feet, which were immersed in the stiffened tar, he could remove the bird, and an eagle that had as long legs as that one had didn't need feet anyhow; if necessary for mounting purposes a few inches of leg could be turned up for a foot and never be missed.

This was done and Willey took his trophy to Joe McCarrick, who has a cabaret on the Bowery frequented by all kinds of birds and goes hunting every fall. He said he had never seen Joe eye the eagle with the sour gaze of a man who knows what he is talking about.

"That ain't an eagle," said he. "It's a heron or something. Look at its bill and look at its legs."

"Well, anyways," said Willey, "herons is dangerous, too. Once when I was a lad"

Thirty Rescued After Shipwreck Brought Here

Half of Crew of Alacrita, Which Foundered in Hurricane Sept. 16, Near Colapse as Vessel Docks

In Violent Sea Four Days When Found Six Men Were Unconscious and Several Delirious; Had No Food

Captain Giuseppe Schiaffino and twenty-nine men of the Italian freighter Alacrita, which foundered in a hurricane at sea nine days ago, reached New York yesterday on board the Spanish cargo ship Cabo Cruex. They had been trying to reach the coast in an open boat without drinking water or supplies.

The Alacrita foundered September 16, when a sudden hurricane caught her broadside and unshipped her rudder. The ship was thrown on her beam ends and with a shifted cargo was unable to right herself. With a heavy list to starboard, she lay exposed to the tremendous sea which tore off her hatches and flooded the hold. The cargo of loose grain became saturated and efforts to pump the water out were vain. Captain Schiaffino and his crew kept the pumps going eight hours, at the end of which time the storm abated, but the ship was sinking stern first and on the morning of September 17 was abandoned. Ten minutes after being deserted, the Alacrita sank.

Several of Crew Delirious Captain Schiaffino divided his crew into watches and kept the two boats under way in a heavy sea that frequently filled them to the gunwales and necessitated constant bailing. The crew were insufficiently clad and suffered severely from exposure. When the Cabo Cruex hove in sight at daylight on September 21, six men were unconscious and several were delirious. The Alacrita's home port was Savona, Italy. She was built twenty-seven years ago, was 320 feet long and registered 4,500 tons. The ship was bound for New Orleans when she left Italy and made that port in safety, unloading and shipping a cargo for Norfolk. She left Norfolk September 8 with a cargo of grain for Spain. When the storm struck, the ship was fifty-five miles off Bermuda. Captain Schiaffino tried to head into the wind but was caught before he could bring the ship about. With steering gear disabled efforts were made to rig a jury rudder, but without success.

When the boats were lowered, because of danger that they would be pounded to bits against the ship's side, it was necessary to hold them off fifty yards, compelling the ship's crew to dive overboard and swim to the boats. All were picked up.

When the rescue ship docked in Brooklyn last night officers of the Italian Immigration Society took charge of the Alacrita's crew. More than half the men were in a state of collapse. All were destitute of clothing, except for oilskins and deck clothing they had worn when overtaken by the storm. The crew will be housed for the present at Italian immigration headquarters, 6 Water Street. Captain Schiaffino and his staff of officers remained on board the Cabo Cruex.

The rescue took place in latitude 33.04 north and longitude 55.34 west. The crew had covered more than sixty miles in their boats when picked up.

Shot At and Beaten Frederick J. Stewart, 32 West 103d Street, an employee of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was standing at the corner of 169th Street and Audubon Avenue late Saturday night when an unidentified man darted from a doorway and fired two shots at him. The bullets went wild. The assailant fled after beating Stewart over the head with the butt of his revolver.

Stewart was taken to Columbia Hospital, suffering from lacerations of the scalp. He said he did not know his assailant nor the reason for the mysterious attack.

Armenian Death Harvest Begins 3 Months Early Returning Relief Worker Says Famine Toll Threatens To Be Enormous

C. K. Victory, general secretary of the Near East Relief, who went abroad in June, traveling from Egypt through the Caucasus and ending his journey at Geneva, arrived here last night on the Red Star liner Finland from Antwerp. He spent much of his time in Armenia where he said death from starvation, exposure and disease was taking heavy toll.

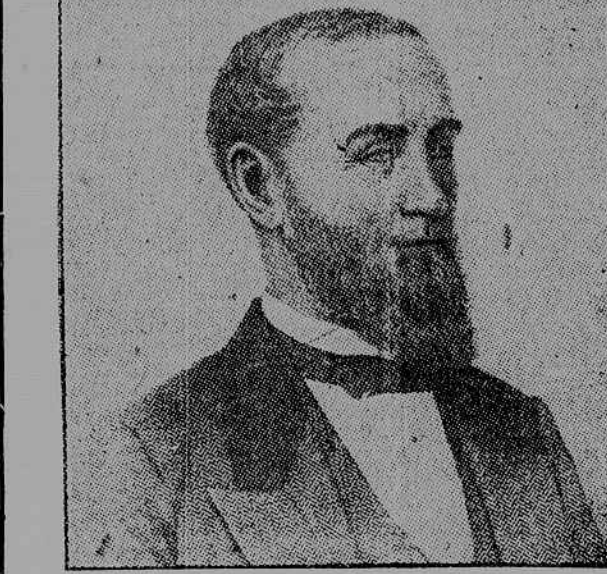
"The death harvest," he said, "has begun this year in August, which is unprecedented. Famine and disease usually make their attacks upon the people of Armenia in the late winter or early spring. Unless relief arrives quickly the toll this winter will be enormous."

Another traveler on the Finland was Worth Bagley Daniels, the twenty-two year old son of Josephus Daniels, who worked his way east and westbound on the Finland as a hospital steward.

John Wanamaker The beauty that is everywhere is free to enjoy without obligation to buy. There is so much more than a store to those who understand it. Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co. Broadway at Ninth, New York. Open from 9 to 5:30. Telephone 4700 Stuyvesant.

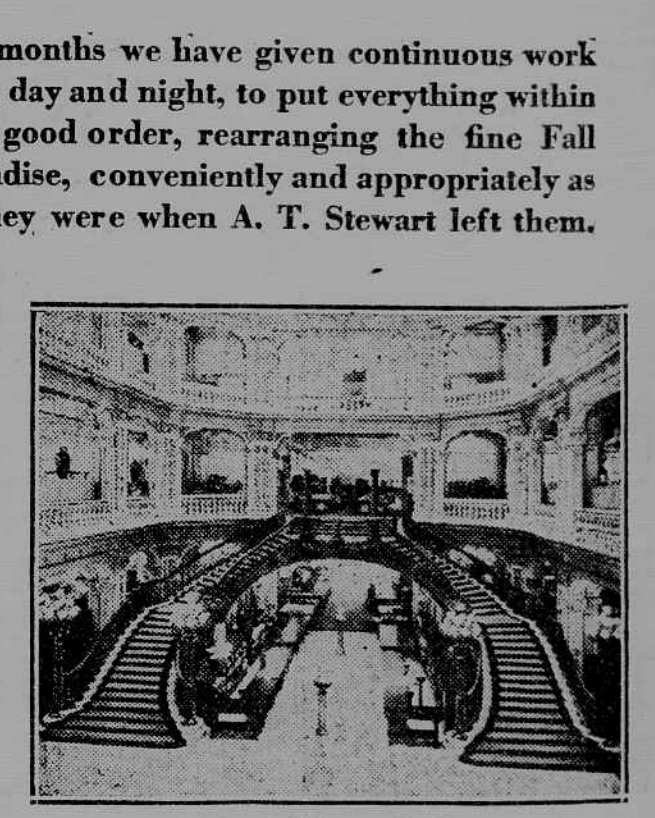
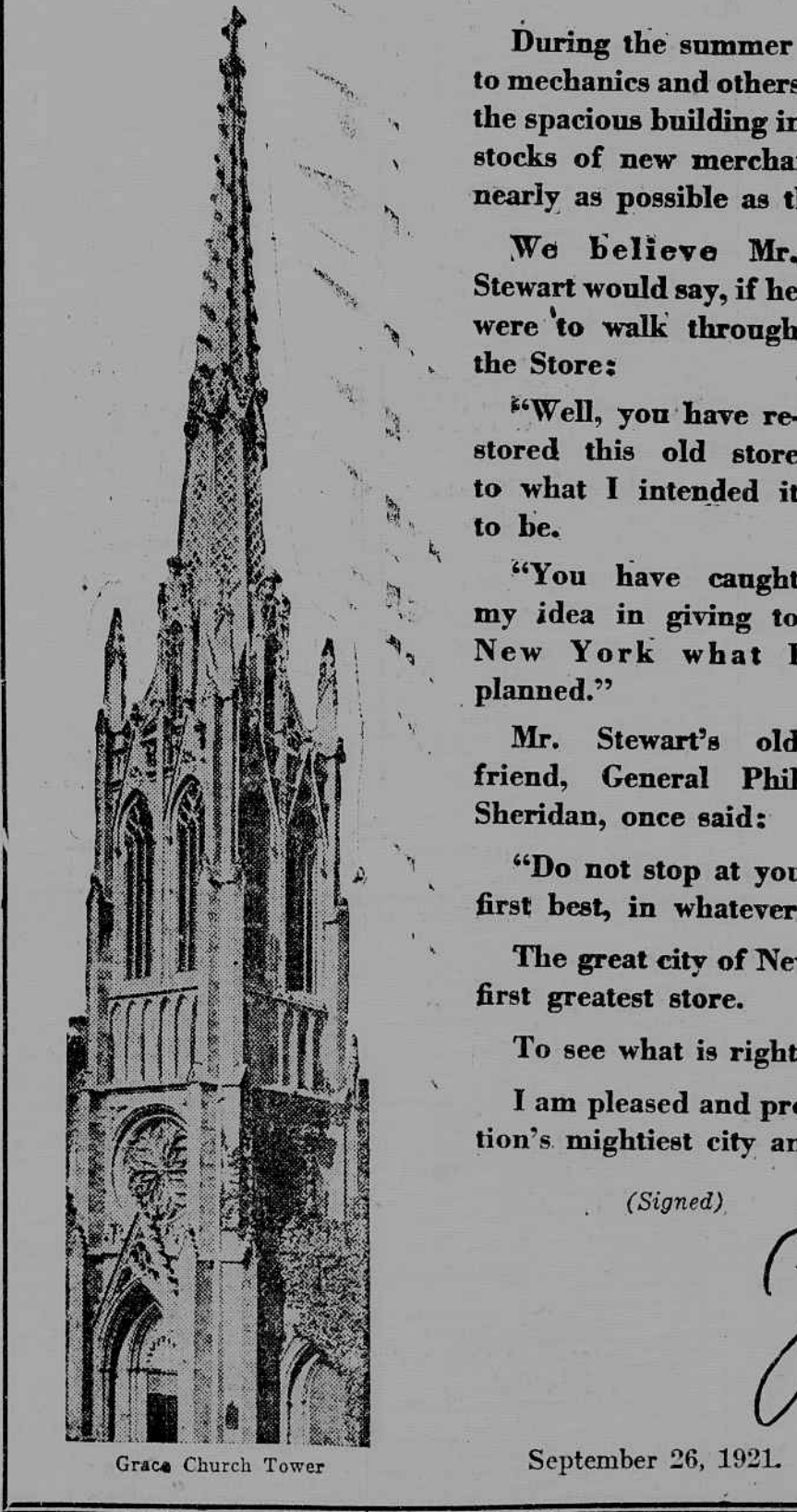
Opening of the Rearranged Stewart Building

It is with great pleasure that an old friend of



A. T. Stewart This portrait of New York's foremost merchant of his day was received from the editors of the American Carpet and Upholstery Journal, who in turn received it from the family of the late George W. Jenks, Mr. Stewart's old carpet manager and buyer, and was made from a steel engraving.

A. T. Stewart who in his lifetime was indisputably the first merchant of the City of New York cordially invites old New Yorkers, their children and grandchildren and the public generally to visit the fine old building that A. T. Stewart built at Tenth and Broadway next to Grace Church



Grand Staircase in the Stewart Rotunda

During the summer months we have given continuous work to mechanics and others, day and night, to put everything within the spacious building in good order, rearranging the fine Fall stocks of new merchandise, conveniently and appropriately as nearly as possible as they were when A. T. Stewart left them.

We believe Mr. Stewart would say, if he were to walk through the Store:

"Well, you have restored this old store to what I intended it to be."

"You have caught my idea in giving to New York what I planned."

Mr. Stewart's old friend, General Phil Sheridan, once said:

"Do not stop at your second best, but always rise to the first best, in whatever you attempt to do."

The great city of New York is worthy of this revival of its first greatest store.

To see what is right and not to do it is to lack courage.

I am pleased and proud to do something worthy of the nation's mightiest city and its old-time leading merchant.

(Signed) John Wanamaker

September 26, 1921.

Bedtime Stories Boxer and Woof-Woof Go Berrying

By Thornton W. Burgess

He's wise who knows just when to quit, Nor lets his stomach steal his wit. —Mrs. Bear.

Boxer and Woof-Woof, the twin cubs of Buster and Mrs. Bear, grew so fat that it seemed to Peter that they had doubled their size every time he saw them. Of course they hadn't, but they had grown very fast. You see, all they had to do was to eat, sleep, play and grow, and they did all four with all their might, which was quite as healthy young Bears should do.

In the early summer they had found some wild strawberries in the woods. They had had a couple of good feasts of these, but not so many that they couldn't have eaten more had there been more to eat. They grumbled a little because they could not get enough.

"Never mind," said Mother Bear. "Pretty soon the blueberries will be ripe, and then you can eat until your stomachs won't hold another berry. So stop your fussing now. If you don't I'll spank you."

That settled it. The twins stopped fussing and grumbling. They knew that Mother Bear meant exactly what she said. They had been spanked more than once, and they were not anxious for another spanking. So they tried to be patient while they waited for the blueberries to get ripe. Each day they wanted to ask Mother Bear if it was time to go for those berries, but decided to wait until the next day. The next day it was the same way.

At last, very early one morning, just as jolly, round, red Mr. Sun was kicking off his coat and taking for his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky, Mother Bear awoke the twins and started off through the Green Forest, bidding them follow right at her heels. It was quite clear that she was bound for some particular place. When Boxer turned aside to look at something he had to run with all his might to catch up.



"Yes'm," replied Woof-Woof meekly, while Boxer grinned.

"Yes'm," replied Woof-Woof meekly, while Boxer grinned. Out of the Green Forest across the Old Pasture to the upper end of it, which was really the foot of the Great Mountain, shuffled Mother Bear. By this time the twins were having all they could do to keep up. Their tongues were hanging out, they were quite out of breath, and their legs ached so that it seemed to them they simply must stop to rest. But they didn't dare to. They hadn't the least idea where they were bound or why they were going, and by this time they were wishing with all their might that they were back home in the Green Forest. They were so tired that Woof-Woof began to whimper.

It was just then that Mother Bear stopped and stood up for a look around. When she dropped down to all fours again there was such a satiated look on her face that the twins knew she had seen something that pleased her. She turned off to one side and the twins followed. In a few minutes they came out of the bushes into an open place. All around the ground seemed to be covered with a carpet of blue.

Mother Bear waved a big paw. "There are the blueberries," said she. "Eat all you want, only don't make yourselves sick."

The twins forgot they were tired and out of breath. With little squeals of delight they began to stuff themselves with blueberries. My, how good they tasted! Mother Bear had kept her promise.

Weather Report

Local Forecast.—Fair and cooler to-day; to-morrow fair; fresh west winds.

Local Official Record.—The following official record shows temperatures during the last twenty-four hours, in comparison with the corresponding date of last year:

1921		1920	
8 a. m.	64	6 a. m.	70
6 p. m.	66	6 p. m.	74
8 a. m.	67	6 a. m.	71
6 p. m.	71	6 p. m.	74
12 noon	74	12 noon	69
Highest, 74 degrees (at 6 p. m.); lowest, 62 (at 2:30 a. m.); average, 68; average same date last year, 74; average same date for thirty-three years, 64.			

Humidity

8 a. m.	82	1 p. m.	81	8 p. m.	80
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Barometer Readings

8 a. m.	30.10	1 p. m.	29.98	8 p. m.	29.91
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WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Air pressure was high to-night over the Canadian maritime provinces, the great central valleys and over the St. Lawrence Valley and the Great Lakes. A storm of marked intensity is approaching the north Pacific coast.

There have been general showers within the last twenty-four hours east of the Mississippi River, except in the south Atlantic states and in northwest Arkansas and Oklahoma. Fair weather was the rule in other parts of the country.

Temperatures have risen on the middle Atlantic coast and over the north plains states and have fallen generally in the region of the Great Lakes, the Ohio and central Mississippi valleys and the Gulf states.

In the New England states the weather will be fair and cooler Monday and Tuesday, with moderate temperatures on Tuesday.

Over the middle Atlantic states it will be fair and cooler Monday and Tuesday, with showers in Virginia. In the south Atlantic and west Gulf states there will be showers and local thunder storms on Monday and Tuesday, with somewhat lower temperatures in the interior. In Tennessee and the Ohio Valley the weather will be unsettled, with local rains on Monday, and cloudy Tuesday, with no material change in temperatures. In the region of the Great Lakes it will be fair Monday and probably Tuesday, with somewhat higher temperatures.

District Forecasts.—Eastern New York and New England.—Fair and cooler Monday; Tuesday fair.

Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey.—Fair and cooler Monday; Tuesday cloudy; Tuesday unsettled.

Western Pennsylvania.—Fair in north and cloudy in south north Monday, probably showers in south portion at night; Tuesday cloudy and somewhat warmer.

Western New York.—Fair Monday; Tuesday cloudy; no change in temperatures.

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